

The history

Enter Therfites folus.

How now *Therfites*? what loft in the Labyrinth of thy furie? shall the Elephant *Aiax* carry it thus? he beates me, and I raile at him: O worthy satisfaction, would it were otherwise: that I could beate him, whilst hee raild at mee: Sfoote, Ile learne to coniure and raise Diuels, but Ile see some issue of my spitefull execrations. Then ther's *Achilles*, a rare inginer. If Troy bee not taken till these two vndermine it, the walls will stand till they fall of them-selues, O thou great thunder-darter of Olympus, forget that thou art *Ioue* the king of gods: and *Mercury*, loose all the Serpentine craft of thy Caduceus, if yee take not that little litte lesse then little witte from them that they haue: which short-armd Ignorance it selfe knowes is so abundant scarce, it will not in circumuention deliuer a flie from a spider, without drawing their massie Irons, and cutting the web. After this the vengeance on the whole campe, or rather the Neopolitan bone-ache: for that me thinkes is the curse depending on those that warre for a p'acket, I haue said my prayers, and diuell Enuie say *Amen*. What ho my Lord *Achilles*?

Patrocl. Whose there? *Therfites*? good *Therfites* come in and raile.

Therf. If I could a remembred a guilt counterfeite, thou couldst not haue slipt out of my contemplation: but it is no matter, thy selfe vpon thy selfe. The common curse of mankinde, Folly and Ignorance, be thine in great reuencue: Heauen blesse thee from a tutor, and discipline come not neere thee. Let thy bloud be thy direction till thy death: then if she that layes thee out sayes thou art not a faire course, Ile be sworne and sworne vpon't, thee neuer shrowded any but lazars. *Amen*. Where's *Achilles*?

Patro. What art thou deuout? wast thou in prayer?

Therf. I the heauens heare me.

Patro. Amen. *Enter Achilles.*

Achil. Who's there?

Patro. *Therfites*. my Lord.

Achil. Where? where? O where? art thou come why my cheefe,

of Troylus and Cresseida.

cheefe, my digestion, why hast thou not serued thy selfe into my table, so many meales, come what's *Agamemnon*?

Ther. Thy commander *Achilles*, then tell me *Patroclus*, whats *Achilles*?

Patro. Thy Lord *Therfites*. Then tell mee I pray thee, what's *Therfites*?

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus*: then tell mee *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patro. Thou must tell that knowest.

Achil. O tell, tell.

Ther. Ile decline the whole question. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my Lord, I am *Patroclus* know-er, and *Patroclus* is a foole.

Achil. Deriue this? come?

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a foole to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a foole to be commanded. *Therfites* is a foole to serue such a foole, and this *Patroclus* is a foole positiuie.

Patro. Why am I a foole?

Ther. Make that demand of the Prouer, it suffices mee thou art: looke you, who comes heere?

Enter Agam: Vliss: Nestor, Diomed, Aiax & Calcas.

Achil. Come *Patroclus*, Ile speake with no body: come in with me *Therfites*.

Ther. Here is such patcherie, such iugling, and such knauery: all the argument is a whore, and a Cuckold, a good quarrell to draw emulous factions, & bleed to death vpon.

Agam. Where is *Achilles*?

Patro. Within his tent, but ill disposd my Lord.

Aga. Let it be knowne to him, that we are heere, He sate, our messengers and we lay by, Our appertainings, visiting of him Let him be told so, least perchance he thinke, We dare not moue the question of our place, Or know not what we are.

Patro. I shall say so to him.

Vliss. We saw him at the opening of his tent, Hee is not sick.

Aiax. Yes Lion sick, sick of proud heart, you may call it
E melan-